Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe the wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtirre ſo earely?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leaue the houſe.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your L
Hauing rich attire about you, ſhould at theſ
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſ
Careleſſe heyres may the two latter darken
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore A
I haue together with my practiſe, made fami
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpe
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her
Which doth giue me a more content in courſ
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Epheſu*
Poured foorth your charity, and hundreds ca
Your Creatures; who by you haue beene re
And not your knowledge, your perſonall pai
But euen your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lor
Such ſtrong renowne, as neuer ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpo
This Cheſt; tis of ſome wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, ſir.